

Even Servants Unionize In Czecho-Slovakia, the World's Newest Republic

Universal Eight-Hour Day, Compulsory Sickness and Death Insurance, Maternity Benefits, and Universal Organization Instituted by New Government.

Union of Girl Clerical Workers
Is an Influential Group in Prague

By Marguerite Dean.

THAT the world's newest republic, Czecho-Slovakia, which will not have its second birthday until next autumn, can teach the world's greatest republic, the United States, how to take care of its working women and children, is the interesting report brought back from Prague by Miss Ruth Crawford, who, as a representative of the American Y. W. C. A., has been directing an industrial and social survey of the new republic, asked for by Dr. Alice Masaryk, daughter of its President.

Some of the improvements over conditions in this country, according to Miss Crawford, are:
The eight-hour day.
Collective bargaining.
Compulsory sickness and death insurance.
Maternity benefits.
Universal organization of workers, the women on equal plane with the men.

As for the protection of children, Czecho-Slovak delegates to the Women's Labor Congress in Washington last autumn told me that not only is no child in the country under fourteen allowed to work, but that the minimum working age will soon be sixteen—educationally and physically, as well as in actual birthdays.

Czecho-Slovakia can teach the United States a great deal in the matter of industrial betterment," declared Miss Crawford, at the Y. W. C. A. National Headquarters, No. 609 Lexington Avenue.

"For one thing, all the workers, except professional people, are organized, both men and women—and the women are organized with the men. There is no such thing as a men's labor party. Even the domestic assistants, or household helpers, as they are called, have a union which is over ten years old. The women in this union are doing to have a representative in the assembly some day."

"All workers in the country have compulsory sickness and death insurance, which includes a maternity benefit, accident compensation and other phases of insurance. The workers, as a rule, pay two-thirds of the insurance rate and the employer one-third. This compulsory insurance act has been in effect for most branches of work since 1918."

"When a worker is sick he is paid even days; has the use of the physician and medicine at reduced rates. This is an old idea in Czecho-Slovakia, and is one of the good inheritances from Austrian rule. The collective bargaining and eight-hour day laws were established two years ago, immediately after the forming of the republic."

"The most influential group of organized women are the clerks or young women who were called into public positions at the birth of the republic when the work of establishing a new Government was stupendous."

"If you remember the rush of girls to Washington, D. C., when this country, with its well organized machinery, was called on to meet the war emergency, and the subsequent girl problem which Washington had to solve, you can imagine what happened in Prague with a whole new Government to establish, new offices to create and an impossible amount of paper work to do."

"Girls came by the thousands to Prague that first summer. There are 5,000 girl clerks in Prague now and only 3,000 women employed in factories. That makes the industrial problem very different from ours here."

The Y. W. C. A., besides making the social survey of Prague, which is now being used as a basis for social work in that country, conducted a training school for women social workers in Prague which was overcrowded because of the annual influx of girls from the Czech women to be of service to their country in these first years of independence.

This year a regular Y. W. C. A. program has been established, with a summer camp for girls in an old castle, association center in various parts of Prague, club centers for the 5,000 women students at the university, as well as for government clerks and shop girls, city playgrounds for children and recreation programs for girls.

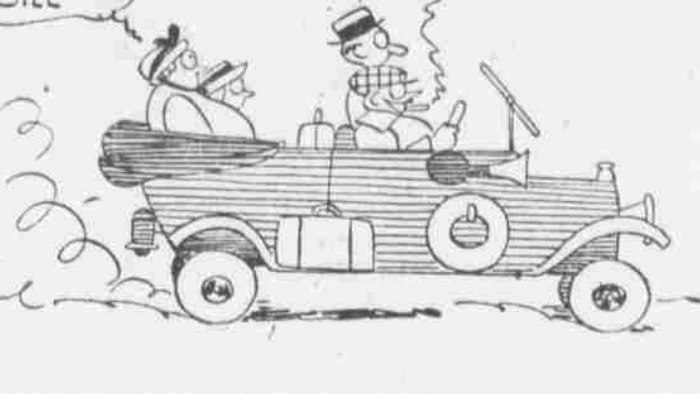
When firmly organized the organization will probably be taken over by the Czech women, part of it—the playground work—the Government, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are working together for the men and girls.

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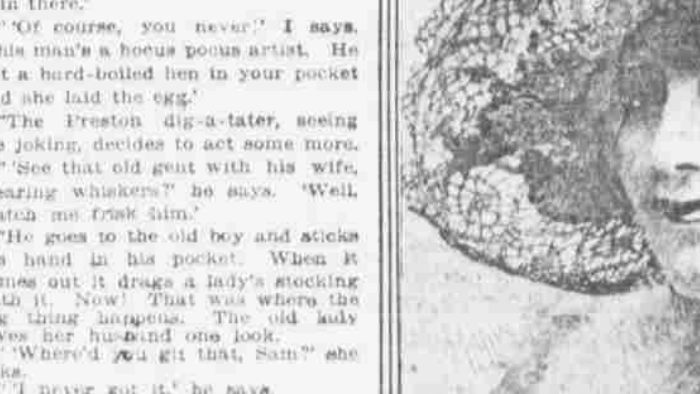
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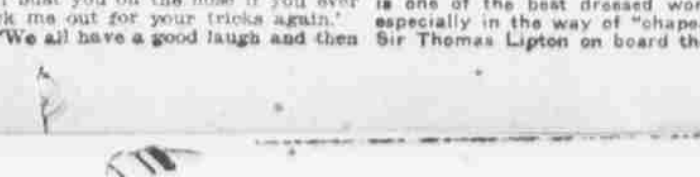
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By Maurice Ketten

GAS 35¢ A GAL



WHERE'S BILL? THE MAN WANTS \$3.50 FOR THE GAS



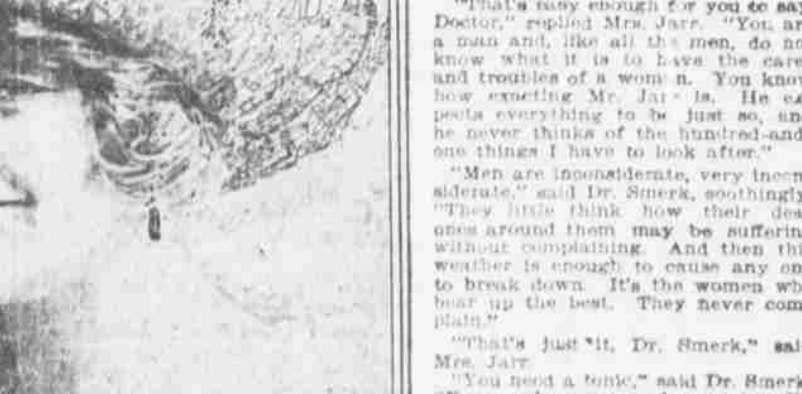
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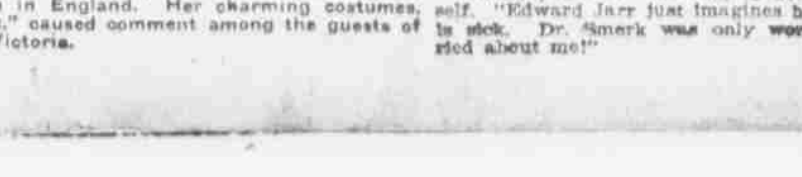
WHERE'S BILL?



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WHERE'S BILL?



Old "Stick in the Mud," Fish of Great Mystery, Welcomes Pansy to His Domain

Lord of the Sacred Pool, He Talks Philosophy to the Adventurers Into Fairyland.

Another Episode of the Roumanian Queen's Fascinating Fairy Series.

Peeping Pansy's Visit Is Interrupted by Sootypooty, the Crow.

By Marie, Queen of Roumania

"HERE he comes!" cried the old woman suddenly, and Pansy, forgetting all else, leaped down as close to the water as she dared.

Something shadowy and huge was moving down there—a sort of fat mass that terrified the little fishes away and with great jumps, all the frogs leaped into the water, where they remained suspended with sprawling legs, their bulging eyes alone appearing above the surface. The tadpoles had quite disappeared.

Something round and slimy looking rose from the water, and a deep voice said: "Is it you, old friend?"

"It's I," answered Dame Dummydimmy. "How are you to-day?"

"The problem of roots," answered Pansy. "Is there some one with you?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the Dame. "I have a very young companion with me—an adventurous little maiden."

"I do not suppose she cares much about roots?"

"Everything interests me," answered Pansy earnestly, bending forward so that old Stick-in-the-Mud had a clear view of her face.

"Why is she so pink?" asked the mummy one.

"It's my natural color," explained Pansy, always ready with her answers.

"It's not a bad color," admitted that strange, round object that was protruding from the water.

"May I ask him a question?" whispered Pansy to her companion.

"You can ask him whatever you like," said the Dame. "But you'll see from time to time how his nose under water or he cannot breathe."

The round, slimy object reappeared upon the surface, and Pansy quickly asked: "Is it true that centuries have passed over your head?"

"Sounds very heavy," and Stick-in-the-Mud made a movement with his ponderous body so that the surface of the water rippled into a thousand rings.

"I have not counted my centuries," he said at last, "but I certainly do not remember my youth."

"You live down there in the mud?" asked Pansy.

"It is warm and cozy," answered the fish.

"I think it must be rather dull," protested Pansy.

"That is a matter of taste," said the fish.

"Is your family with you?" asked Pansy, who was always interested in family details.

"I've had so many families," said the old fellow, "that I really do not know which family you are talking about."

"Ask him what he thinks of the water lilies!" whispered Dame Dummydimmy.

"What do you think of the water lilies?" asked Pansy as she had been told.

"Their roots are deep, and strong and greedy; it's good to live amongst them."

"It is a curiosity," explained the dame.

"I wish I could see him a little better, but I only see his nose and mouth, and those are not particularly attractive."

"There is a certain charm about only half-seen things," chuckled Dame Dummydimmy.

"But he's mysterious, as all things are that are very, very old. Then, because of his great age, he is also very large, and moss and slime grow on him as if he were an old stone; this makes him still more invisible."

The round slimy object reappeared.

"The crow put his head on one side, and the expression in his eye was more provoking than ever. Pansy could not resist fancying that he was winking at her."

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Stick-in-the-Mud Likes it Down by the Roots of the Water Flowers.

and the deep voice spoke again.

"I suppose you like things that have bright colors," said the water hermit, "and that you chase butterflies and pick fading flowers, and feed upon honey and strawberries and all the stupid stuff human children care about, and if a spot of mud fell upon your gaudy little dress you would be much annoyed?"

"I am generally accosted if I make my dress muddy," admitted Pansy.

"But if you covered your foolish, shining locks with red poppies or blue forget-me-nots, your parents would stand in ecstasy before you; that is just the false human point of view; a good honest splash of mud is considered dirt, and those flimsy flowers that fade almost as soon as they are picked. No one remembers that without the good, honest mud there would be no flowers."

"You seem to be rather against flowers," said Pansy; "do you also dislike the stars?"

"They also believe themselves more important than they really are," grumbled old Stick-in-the-Mud.

"But what do you consider important?" asked the little girl.

"Eternal verities," said the fish in solemn tones.

"He also talks of verities!" sighed Pansy, and old Dame Dummydimmy doctored.

"Would you like to hear a fable?" asked Stick-in-the-Mud.

"Oh, yes! That would be splendid, as long as I'm not obliged to argue with the old crow."

"Never fear. They'll do all the arguing! They are worthy opponents!" laughed the dame, "and worth listening to; let's have a little private representation that will certainly be amusing." And old Dummydimmy doctored her stick, with the prompt result that from somewhere out of the air the objectionable black bird swooped down among the forget-me-nots at their side.

"Just have a little talk with old Stick-in-the-Mud," ordered his mistress.

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